

90

ADDRESS BY  
THE HONOURABLE C. E. COOPER  
ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE  
CENTENNIAL OF THE REPUBLIC  
OF LIBERIA

MONROVIA 1947

## FOREWORD

*Two months ago at Monrovia the Hon. Cooper handed me the manuscript of this booklet with the request that it should be printed as a memorial to his life and work.*

*It is more than this, it is a memorial to his love of Liberia. He was a much travelled Liberian, as well respected abroad as at home, as his seven foreign decorations testify. His booklet is a contribution to the history of his country.*

*Tragically enough, on the day the proofs of this booklet were passed for printing, I received news in London of his death. May he rest in peace.*

ARTHUR H. THROWER

London, 1951

## Address by The Honourable C. E. Cooper

FELLOW CITIZENS :—

We are on the eve of a Great and Grand Occasion in the history of the Nation—Our hearts beat with eager expectancy—the expectancy of the Tag—the Day. A Day once destroyed by blood and greed—now, the triumph of a Century.

I am asked to address you on “WHY SHOULD WE (as a people and a Nation) CELEBRATE THE CENTENNIAL?” The answer is too obvious—It is a matter of natural sequence, a consequence, as natural as night follows the day. In order to give you a vividness of my address, permit me, please to paint pen pictures on the canvas of your mind and follow me, as I pull back the curtain of history and hold to view the struggles, difficulties and progress of a people. We *will* celebrate the Centennial with joy and thanksgiving, because, we have come a long, long way to cover 100 span of years of national life. What tragedies, what horrors, what crimes have those years taught mankind, what outrage against man’s inalienable rights—What helplessness, what seizure of one’s land and property, what intrigues, what fantastic paganism, what judgement have we met at the bar of Justice—what bitter rebuff we encountered simply because of our helplessness and the circumstances surrounded our life to live. But far more than these inside injustices lies the misery of scattered families made slaves in irons and sold for a mess of porridge in foreign land—yes, we have come a long, long way through blood, chains and sweat, because, Africa calls her own Sons and Daughters, scattered as they are, all over the world to return home and build on her sun-kissed shores a citadel of refuge for millions of our comrades.

It was in 1822 when a band of brave Sons and Daughters who heard the call and left the shores of North America for the Motherland, Africa, on a sailing vessel “ELIZABETH” the “MAY FLOWER OF LIBERIA.” This band of Africans arrived home January 7th, 1822 amidst tremendous odds,



odds that were like mountains almost unsurmountable, but with hearts of steel and a love for Liberty, as great as the whole Continent of Africa they ventured; landed on Providence Island, under a sky that was pale blue and a sun that was warm and beautiful and a heaven that gave them a benediction.

I like to think of that small company of brave men that landed on the mainland, headed by Elijah Johnson, the man of steel—I like to think of Robert Sampson, the man of valour—of Lott Carey, the man of pluck and grit—of Captain Fredrick James, Lieut. R. Newport, M. S. Draper, William Meade, John Adams and many other comrades in arms who dared and done. I like to think of the Battle on Crown Hill and that memorable Battle of Fort Hill, fought December 1st, 1822. I like to think of Timothy Hines under command of Capt. Brander, who paid the supreme sacrifice for Liberty—while Louis Crook under command of Capt. Shaw and Gardiner under command of Capt. George were mortally wounded. I wonder what reward History has in store for these men; what laurel posterity will offer their memories—of what engagement sung by the Liberian Poet Teage that he caught the inspiration of their deeds when he wrote:

"If ever breath of Liberian gale  
"Shall fan the enemy flag,  
"Or footstep of invader rude,  
"With rapine foul, and red with blood,  
"Pollute our happy Shore.—  
"Then, farewell, home! and farewell, friends!  
"Adieu, each tender tie!  
"Resolved, we mingle in the tide,  
"Where charging Squadrons furious ride,  
"To conquer or to die.

It was at this moment when the battle fought and the victory won that H.B.M. Ship "PRINCE REGENT" arrived from Cape Coast Castle and offered Elijah Johnson his assistance provided he would cede him a patch of land upon which to erect his British Flag—But this man of steel and a heart full of love, as great as the Continent of Africa resolutely refused his offer, trusting to his comrades in arms and direction of Providence, replied in these immortal words:—"No, Sir, We want no flag staff put up here, that will cost us more to get down than to whip the natives." What sublime, impressive, deep and patriotic words, fit to be engraved above the portals of Liberty's chosen Temple, worthy to be inscribed in every patriot's heart. The consequences of that day are constantly unfolding themselves as time advances. It was the origin of Liberia—it was the planting of this Re-

publican Institution. Inquisitive historians have loved to mark every vestige of the pioneers. Poets of our own have commemorated their virtues. Our noblest genius has displayed merits worthily and trace their consequences of their daring deeds. As they landed their minds were clear—their purpose for which they came was also clear, and the establishment of this institution was perfect. Democratic Liberty and independent Christian worship shall exist and must exist on this land. Mrs. Matilda Newport settled the dispute by her heroic deed and set in motion the beginning of a new chapter as the enemy fled in wild panic leaving behind them 600 dead.

The picture ended—the drama closed in the year 1847 and opened at the dawn of a new day—a day in history filled with political antagonism and social antipathy. Our people at that time were confronted with the most formidable and potent problems ever submitted to a free people. Its gravity cannot be over exaggerated, and its consequences cannot to be over estimated. Our Statesmen approached the issue with candor, with earnest scrutiny without subterfuge and without reserve. The issue was in 1860 and revived again in 1870. It is recorded in the text of a state Document—It reads as follows:—"In view of the grave circumstances now surrounding the Republic, the dangers threatening the dismemberment of state and the eventual destruction thereof, the Government of Liberia desiring still to maintain the friendly relations that have for many years subsisted between itself and that of Her Britanic Majesty Government but determind, by all the honourable and amicable means in its power, to preserve its life, its identity, and its sovereignty, feels itself called upon to state in full the origin of those dangers which at present menace the very existance of the state." "Cognizant of the fact, that the Liberian settlement along the coast had, in a few years, done more for the suppression of the slave-trade than the naval squadrons of Europe and America were able to effect for along time, the Government and the friends of Liberia decided that the best way to suppress the traffic on our north-west, was to obtain the sovereignty of the country. Consequently, a cession of the territories to the Republic was obtained by fair and honourable purchase from the lords of the soil—a portion of the money for the purpose being contributed by British Philantropists. It was well known that Liberia claimed these territories; and all British Naval Officers, without exception, recognized them as being a portion of the Republic. For ten years the claim of the Republic was undisputed, until the year 1860 when a British War-Vessel the 'TORCH' under



Commander Smith, forcibly took from the harbour of Monrovia, and in violation of international law, two Schooners that had been put into court for violation of Revenue laws of the Republic." In 1869 Earl Clarendon in his dispatch from the Foreign Office, dated London, August 9th 1869, said:—"Her Majesty Government acknowledged Liberia's Sovereignty over several important districts." Those important districts are that portion of land extending from the San Pedro on the east to the western boundary of the Muttru territory on the west, and that consequently there would be no necessity of opening the question. But that did not alay the difficulty; it rose up again in 1870 like a hydro-headed monster but was met with a stinging protest in 1883 by President A. F. Russell through his Secretary of State Hon. G. W. Gibson Sr. The document is a brilliant piece of logic; it represents a colossal national-consciousness and shows clearly the type of statesmen we had in the days of our Fathers.

President Russell in closing his brilliant appeal to the consciousness of the British Cabinet, said in his touching protest:—"Suffering from dismemberment, torn and bleeding in consequence of the limb that has been violently wrested from her, and exposed to still further hostile suggestions, the Republic feels that she is contending for her very existence. Weak physically, but strong in the justness of her cause, and trusting in God and in the high sense of justice of the British Cabinet, she determines to ignore to what has been thus wrongfully decided against her. While ignoring no claims that may be justly due by her, and desiring no territory that she does not rightfully possess, and still desirous of fair arbitration or an honourable compromise, the Government of Liberia, in the presence of the Great Arbiter of Nations, thereby enters its most solemn protest against the seizure of its territory by the Governor of Sierra Leone; and the Republic, in its agony, appeals to the high sence of Justice of the British Cabinet, which she has a right to consider as animated toward her by the same sentiments of elevated equity and friendship as in the past, and implores their meditation to arrest a course of events which threaten her destruction."

Adhering to those lofty and enobling sentiments full of patriotic fire; President Russell through his Cabinet submitted one of the most sacred and solemn Documents ever penned by a Liberian statesmen. It bears witness to the gravity of the situation and the consecration of the hour. History has told us what was the decision of the issue at bar.

Let us turn from this picture of foreign aggression, of dangers that threaten from without, and let us look at those

evils at home that peril our national independence—our national existence. As gloomy as the picture which I have already drawn upon the canvas of your mind may appear, still it does not present any more gloomy a picture than does the condition at home. As a man may be a greater enemy to himself than others are, as the deceitfulness and treachery of our own hearts, the moral corruptions that fester and canker within, are more to be dreaded than all our outward foes; so the evils undisturbed, the corruptions that fester and canker on the body politic are more dangerous to the state than all our foreign enemies. From 1847 to 1947 has been the same boiling of the pot of Political Censure seasoned with deceit, treachery and selfishness. Yes, we have come a long, long way through blood, chains and sweat to establish what we are now enjoying today. See that opportunity comes to all—see that every man is given a chance to live.

Let the dawn of the century in the year one be the interpretation of the dreams of yesterday and today the deliberate conclusion of public opinion, but on tomorrow the framework of a glorious Nation. I like to recall at this moment those immortal words of the Right Hon. Winston Churchill to his people at the moment when that Nation's horizon was blackened with dark clouds of despair and when disaster seems to await them at the very doorstep of the citadel of a great Empire—that he burst forth in these words:—"Lift up your hearts, ye sons and daughters of Britain, all will come right—out of the depth of sorrow and sacrifice will be born again the glory of mankind." The spirit of Elijah Johnson, of J. J. Roberts, of Hiliary Teage and Bishops Burns and Ferguson speak again from the dead:—"Lift up your hearts, ye sons and daughters of Liberia, out of the debris of wrongs and injustices, out of the grave of deceit and treachery, out of our weakness, will be born the glory of a Liberian Republic to the honour and glory of our people scattered all over the world, the making of our Empire Republic under the leadership of our gallant President, W. V. S. Tubman.

Let us turn our faces, look on the canvas as I try to retrace the picture of 1897 and see President Joseph James Cheeseman from Grand Bassa unfold the drama of his day.—It was Liberia's Diamond Jubilee—Her 50th Birthday as a Nation; free, sovereign and independence.

The air vibrated with the glare of bugles and with a stirring melody from brass instruments played by men from Clayashland and Monrovia added zest to the patriotic occasion. The transitory and variable splendour of a vernal sun illuminated a pageant of imposing splendour and magnificence as the



troop march passed under a changing sky, red as a sunset and its dawn, white as its wandering clouds and blue as its noonday deeps, and glittering as the constellations of a midnight abyss, over the head of His Excellency the President, his Cabinet, Foreign Diplomats, Official and distinguished citizens, of both Church and City, flashed and floated and flamed the splendour of our glorious Flag. It was the birthday of a redeemed and regenerated Republic marking her 50th anniversary. What gala pageantry, what display of colours: New-Port Volunteers in their blue and white, "Company 'C'" in black and white trimmed in red, Monrovia Militia in black trimmed in blue, New Georgia Dragon Bloods, in scarlet and black, and ten other companies formed a beautiful spectacle of military display under their respective company Captains, Lieuts., Sergeants and Corporals; the whole regiment under command of Col. James A. Railey, K.C., D.S.O., in full dress uniform, Col. of the First Regiment and his staff of Field Officers—Following close came the 5th Regiment under command of Col. Beverly Y. Payne, K.C., D.S.O., in his full dress uniform with his staff of Field Officers. The guns of the men and swords of the Officers sparkled in the noonday sun as we watched those men passed under marshal strain of music whilst the great crowd cheered from the streets and the houses, while above all the hearts of men, over the breast of women and in the hands of children and from the verandas of houses and staffs, flashed and flamed the only Banner of our sacred Liberty—The Lone Star and Stripes of our Republic. This great display of pomp and splendour moved down Broad Street to the Protestant Episcopal Church where an oration was delivered July 26 1897, by Liberia's greatest silver tongue orator of his day and time—Senator Alfred Benedict King from Clayashland. I was but a lad when I accompanied my father to that celebration—my young mind played tricks with me as I watched that great crowd of patriotic men and women, and listened to the eloquence of the Senator—I wondered then would I ever speak like him with that wonderful command of the English language. He was indeed a great scholar, a teacher, a great orator, a great patriot—never have I heard a man speak like him—when I grew to be a man I sought to get a copy of that oration to read and study, for Senator King was really a scholar and a true Liberian. He brought forth applauses after applauses from the great crowd as he narrated the difficulties and struggles of our people up to her 50th Birthday. The theme of his address was "the parting of the waves" "We have reached the parting of the waves," said the noble

Senator. Liberia starts again to march on another trek of 50 years—what vicissitudes have history recorded since 1897.

The Troops reassembled to escort the President, Cabinet and dignitaries to the Executive Mansion amidst cheers from the public. That noon there was a National Salute of 21 guns fired from Providence Island under command of Col. B. Y. Payne, of the 5th Regiment—The Island was decorated with bunting and garland—palms of victory played a leading part in the display, while above them all, flamed and floated the glory of our Flag.

At 2 p.m. was staged a National Regatta under the management of one Mr. Quacker from Sierra Leone who subsequently became a citizen. The River was a gala affair of cargo boats, gig boats, and cannoes—all boats were newly painted with fine oars and strong oar-locks—the pullers were men of well developed muscles. The races were in pairs. The men waited with eager expectancy for their turn at the races. The first of the races were Cargo Boats between the competitive firms—betting was great, which made the races very interesting and very exciting. Second, came the Gig Boats which were also very exciting, for, in this race came the honour and dignity of one's individual pride. Mr. Jimmy Dennis built a gig boat specially for the occasion and so did my father, and so did Judge C. T. O. King, and so did a few more, but the cream of the regatta was the "Jehudi Ashmun," a gig boat owned by the President of the Republic—it was built in England of mahogany, beautiful and stately with all the dignity fitted for a ruler—it had 14 pullers, all metals were made of bronze and brass, painted snow white with varnished mahogany border—for speed, nothing to equal her—the pullers were in white sailor uniforms. Needless for me to tell you what a dazzling spectacle those boats made on the river. There was in those days the true spirit of British sportsmanship. Third, came the cannoes races—there were many from the river and from Kru-town, but the cream of cannoes came from two outstanding gentlemen on the St. Paul River: W. D. Coleman, of Clayashland, and Randolph Jackson, from Louisiana—They had large cannoes with eight paddles each—The owners of the cannoes were men of the highest and best type in the country. I like to think of the men of those days, watch them sitting in the grand booth surrounding the President and his Cabinet with their ladies of society—I like to think of President Cheeseman in his conventional dress, I like to think of the thrill it gave him as he watched the races—I like to watch the smiles of the ladies and their excitement at the races. I like to think of



society exclusiveness and the marked Etiquette of 50 years ago. I like to think of the drums and fifes of the Regiments and the great and glorious Flag of the Nation some 24 feet in length, floating in the breeze from a large staff at the Government Square in front of the Executive Mansion—I like to think of that day in history that ended that memorable occasion and the purpose for which it was celebrated. I like to think of the illuminations of that night and the splendour and magnificence of the display—nearly every house on Front, Ashmun and Broad Streets was a variable flame of fire (though they did not have electric lights) Chinese and Japanese lanterns, small glass lanterns of variegated colours filled with wax candles gave a kaleidoscopic display whilst lighted candles decorated the banisters of piazzas and the dormer-windows. It was a dazzling picture. While music, dancing and laughter filled the air at the Executive Mansion—Ladies and gentlemen in full evening attire—military men in full dress uniforms came to pay homage to His Excellency, the President and Mrs. Cheeseman, on Liberia's 50th Birthday. Long live Liberia, Long live Liberia as an antonomous State!

The picture fades from view as I pull back the curtain and other pictures in history appear. It was in 1909 in Arthur Barclay's administration there arose an episode that was very grave and very dangerous. The First Regiment doing its regular quarterly drill at "Friday" town near the south beach when the Regiment was ordered to return to town post haste, and assemble at the Government Square in front of the Executive Mansion—I was at that time a soldier in company "C"—the Regiment was under command of Col. Isaac Moort—my Company was under command of George Van Dimmerson, that brave and daring officer. The Regiment was about a thousand men and officers as they marched in columns of 4 to the Government Square. The tension was grave and perturbing, orders came down the line to form square and await further orders. The President was in secret conference with his ministers—when suddenly the tension was broken by the appearance of Hon. D. E. Howard, Secretary of the Treasury, acting at the time Secretary of War. He was received by the Colonel of the Regiment and then presented to the troops. After giving the orders of the Government he closed with these words: "Liberia expects of every man this day, to do this duty in defence of the State." The taps of the drums recorded the battle of Nittilu and the brave deeds of our men—but, to-day, we are called upon to defend the integrity of our glorious Flag in

the capital city of the Nation.

Around the Executive Mansion stood loyal soldiers on guard with bayonets fixed ready for any emergency. The difficulty arose out of the purported statement that the men of Liberian Frontier Force had done services in battles and on the frontier and had not received pay from the Government and they were now demanding their pay upon the points of their bayonets. Such a high-handed violation of military discipline and procedure was far fetched for the obvious reason: That a man as Major R. Mackay Cadell, Officer Commanding, a man of great military experience and training, a man who had done services in Egypt, Sudan and elsewhere could have allowed the men of the Liberian Frontier Force to run away with his command—this in my way of thinking was a mere camouflage—there was something not altruistic about it—something more sinister in its object than merely a revolt against the constituted authorities. It was an attempt at the very life of the Republic—it was accession of one's land, one's rights to live as a free, sovereign people—it was bogy as against the real truth. The battle scene was well planned on modern warfare basis—trenches were dug, barbed-wire entanglements were evident of what the city folks were to expect—the men under command of this British Officer were ambushed at strategic points—hand grenades were ready—a veritable hell was expected—attempt was made to seize the arsenal to prevent the civilian population from seizing the guns and ammunitions that were there. Our loyal troops marched on to the south beach in mass formation to take up positions; it was panic, but the Government was calm, forceful and determined. The city of Monrovia was under marshal law—our boys kept guard day and night for many a sleepless night, and so did I keep guard in company with my comrade Eddie King. There was a black-out beginning at 6 p.m. and nobody was allowed to walk the streets after that hour except those duly qualified and in position of the pass—The bugle sounded the note of preparedness—all houses in the city were closed and Monrovia became the city of the dead, for there was no moon. The Government worked day and night to unrabble this knotted problem. Armed men of our troops were scattered over the entrances of the city—Col. W. D. Lomax, a man who had seen many battles in native warfare, had been ordered to return to Monrovia at once with his men from the Hinterland. He came in battle array, and so did Commissioner John W. Cooper with his detachment of men under command of Col. Winkey from Clayashland. Early that morning the Cabinet



met again in consultation with the President—it was Hon. C. D. B. King, that astute Diplomat, who at that time was the Attorney General; it was he that suggested to the President that the Government should address a Note to the British Consul General requesting him to withdraw all British subjects from Camp Johnson, thus, leaving the Government to deal with its citizens in the service of the Liberian Frontier Force. This action of the Government was a grand diplomatic move, it was far-seeing and tactful, it carried with it the wisdom of the Government and portrayed force of character.

As a sequence to this military drama as acted by Cadell, it represented one of the most daring undiplomatic, unfriendly act in our history. The drama was performed in a very clever and astute manner: Major Cadell had ordered British West African Frontier Force men from Sierra Leone to enter Liberia over the border many months prior to this revolt, in order to recruit them in the Liberian Frontier Force service—the men crossed the border in ordinary native dress and were enlisted at Camp Johnson by order of the British Commanding Officer. These men, by the way, were British West African military trained sharp shooters. It was these men that kindled the sparks under the pot of resentment and revolt backed by the Officer Commanding, that made such a gloomy, dreadful picture in the drama—The Cabinet was busy preparing a dispatch to the British Consulate stating definitely the Government's demand as a solution to the knotted problem—that afternoon a messenger was sent with the Government's Note to the British Consulate General. Early that morning, whilst on guard, we saw Frontier Force Soldiers marching into town unarmed and halted at the Treasury Department—all British subjects were out of the Camp, and so were the others—for they came into the city for their pay—they were paid and ordered out of the country, travelling and the same way as they came whilst citizens of Liberia who were soldiers of the Liberian Frontier force were also unarmed and paid—relieved of their uniforms and dismissed in dishonour of their service.

Thus ended a bloodless war. Out in the ocean steaming around could be seen the "H.M.S. DWARF" lying opposite the British Consulate in waiting. This ended one of the most dreadful pictures in our history.

Surely, this land is really the benevolent gift from God to the Blackman. It is from this land that the glory of mankind will be born.

When I had finished my sketch of 1909, taken from leaves

of memory, my heart became full and I look back upon those days as days of yearning—yearning after the truth, for it is the truth—and the truth only that shall set us forever free. Whilst thinking, my thought became intense, earnest and deep, and then, I thought of the smallness of one's self in the great realm of human thoughts—then suddenly I felt a hazy mist enveloping my form and I was gone! . . . In that state I saw Fort Hill covered with great masses of people—I saw them speeding from the North, South, West, and East of Liberia—I saw them marshalling their men in battle array with guns and swords, stones and sticks with ensigns bright and streaming. I saw them come on foot, strong and ready—I saw them attack—I saw them march to the music of the drums—I saw them halt and salute the Flag of our glorious Country—I saw them swear allegiance to the Flag. I heard the word of command, I saw their proud bearings and their encouraging looks as they beckon us to battle—I heard them say, "We come to battle with you—that the Lone Star and Stripes will ever remain the glory of the regenerated people—the symbol of Hope—I saw them turn and face the East with a yell that shocked the very earth.

The vision changed and I beheld, not very far away, a man robed in flowing white looking eastward—for the sun was red as blood, and the figure I saw was like that of Elijah, the prophet of old, but, on close inspection it came to be Elijah Johnson, the steel-hearted pioneer, the man who said: "Here we are, and here we will remain." And when he had said those words, great sheets of black smoke ascended to heaven and covered the earth with darkness, but around him centered the only light of Hope; from this radius of light upon which this great leader stood, I heard a hundred voices spontaneously swell the repetition of Hiliary Teage's poetic revelation and prophecy:

"All Hail! Liberia, Hail!  
 "Arise and now prevail  
 "O'er all the foe;  
 "In truth and righteousness  
 "In all the Arts of Peace,  
 "Advance and still increase  
 "Thy host oppose."

The voices ascended in a vast volume of reverential exultation to heaven, patriotic, grand with its majestic suggestions of heroism. It was a revelation and a prophecy for I felt it then, as I do now, that a people which could adopt such an anthem as this for their song must march to victory. The curtain fell, looking I saw kneeling on the plain a great



number of pious sainted old souls devotees of our Christian faith, in supplication to God, beseeching Him to guide and protect our flag—I saw them clasp hands in devotion and in reverence. I saw them turn and face the intruder beseeching their sons, daughters, grand-sons and grand-daughters, and their posterity for ever, in piteous heart-rending accent — beseeching you—beseeching you by all that is great and holy —beseeching you by the depths of love in mothers' and grand-mothers' hearts, not to abandon your homes, your land nor your State, nor let the Lone Star and Stripes trail in the dust of shame to the lust of the enemy. "But let this flag," said grand-mother, pointing heavenward with feeble hands to one of the most beautiful startling phenomena of Nature. I saw then, your flag, my flag, painted on the clouds by a master mind—I saw the blue, and the white and the red jewelled bedecked like little suns in opulent splendour. I saw it fade away, lost in the Cosmo. The Curtain fell across the stage of my mind and all was gone.

Had it not been for the patriotic and Christian men and women we had from the very beginning of our history—had it not been for their sacrifices and devotions and their faith in God, and their prayers who sleep the last sleep in the Cemeteries of the Republic—*this flag* would have been a dishonoured rag. The Centennial anniversary of this Republic would not have been celebrated. The Geography of Liberia would have been changed. Liberia as an antonomous State would have disappeared from the map, in her stead, would have been a colonial possession. The Declaration of Independence would have been an anti-quarian relic; 26 of July would have been a meaningless day—patriotic jubilee would have been forgotten and the Constitution of this Republic would have been like the Medes and Persians that changes not, and the glorious traditions of our history would have been dispersed and separated like the trivial assets of a bankrupt partnership—the sacrifices and the achievements of our fathers would have been in vain—were it not that they came through blood, chains and sweat that we have come to our present level of Christian civilization—were it not comrades that we have lived through it all and kept our heads above water; our future as a nation would have been an abyss which no foresight could predict and against whose dangers no safeguard could have been found. And our comrades whose graves we have decorated with flowers would not have died in vain and the flag of our glorious Liberty would not have been the animated symbol of a Blackman's rights to live under his own vine and fig tree.



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